THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
PattersonRevSC

VOL. LXI SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., APRIL 5, 1911 No. 14

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

ON THINKING GLAD.

Never mind a change of scene—
  Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
  What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
  Somewhere stars are shining
Try to think your joys out loud,
  Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
  Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
  Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
  Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping lightly on your door—
  Surest cure for fretting.

Needn't fool yourself at all,
  For there's no denying
E'en above a prison wall
  Song-birds are aflying.
Wherefore hearken to the song,
  Never mind the prison,
And you'll find your soul ere long
  Unto freedom risen.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. FERRIER ..... **Editor**

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

BERKELEY'S CHOICE OF A SOCIALIST FOR MAYOR.

A few weeks ago Mr. J. Stitt Wilson, candidate for mayor of Berkeley, on a socialist platform, made the prediction: "On the night of April 1, 1911, I will be mayor of beautiful Berkeley—the first socialist mayor in California."

The counting of the ballots that were cast last Saturday showed that he had made a correct prediction. He is now mayor elect of the University city and in July will enter on the duties of the office to which he has been elected by a majority of 281 votes over Mr. Hodghead, the present incumbent. The vote for Mr. Wilson was 2,749; for Mr. Hodghead, 2,468.

Inasmuch as there were supposed to be less than a thousand actual socialists in Berkeley, according to the vote cast last year for the candidate of that party for governor, people not a few are wondering how this result came about.

It is evident to all that Mr. Wilson was not elected by socialist votes. But there is quite a diversity of opinion as to what contributed to the defeat of his opponent, "the good government candidate," and his own election.

The San Francisco Chronicle writes editorially of the election as " a triumph of the rankest kind of graft." It speaks of what it calls "the push" as "always ready to turn out any government of proved honesty and competence on the mere chance of graft in the future."

The Oakland Tribune attributes the result to a revolt on the part of the people in general against the dress-parade exclusiveness, censoriousness, and meddlesomeness of an element setting itself up as "the better element" and running a close corporation affair in a spirit of moral superiority.

The Berkeley Gazette is of opinion that the result registers the fact that "the people do not intend that a few men should build up a political machine and under the pretense of good government run the city."

The Oakland Enquirer contents itself with this generalization: "The result of the election is ample proof of the fact that the people of this nation are beginning to think. They are no longer to be led blindly; to dance to the music by bosses; to obey the beck and call of designing politicians. They are thinking for themselves; they are studying economic conditions; they are scrutinizing men."

Several things, it is plain to The Pacific, entered into the defeat of Mr. Hodghead.

Undoubtedly there were a few who worked and voted against him with the hope that they might thus open up the way to a rule later for their own set. Doubtless to another element—but a very small one— the government as it had been administered by mayor and councilmen the last two years was a little too decorous. But the main reason that Mr. Hodghead was not chosen was that he had failed and the council had failed to inspire the people with the belief that they had during that time been looking out for the interests of the people in general. Before the present administration came into power, Mr. Hodghead had, along with other citizens, plead with the city council to stop the blasting in a stone quarry in the city limits, which a rich corporation had long made a nuisance. When he became mayor he joined with others in power in allowing the blasting to go on one year more. There may have been nothing dishonorable in so doing. But it was utterly impossible for him to make some of the people believe that he did not act thus so as to gain favor with the corporation.

The long time spent in getting fenders on the street cars was another thing which caused people to pause and consider and to vote against him when he came up for re-election. As was also the fact that nothing was done until a few weeks ago, looking toward a reduction in the charges for water and electricity and gas. Many people felt that action had tarried far too long; whether justly so, we are not saying. Our aim is merely to point out some of the things which contributed to defeat and thus give a lesson, not only in Berkeley, but wherever The Pacific goes, to men who aspire to public office—that they must serve the people, and make it plain that they are serving them or go down in defeat if not in disgrace.

Among the things leading people to think that the men at the head of affairs in Berkeley were trying to feather their own nests, present and future, in every possible way, was the action of a member of the council in demanding fifteen dollars additional salary each month for service on the school board. Perhaps under the law he was entitled to that amount over and above his $150 a month as councilman. But men with vision and with a spirit for service will in these days forego some of the things that the law will give them.

It has come to this: If a man cannot serve the public in such a way as to make it evident that he is there as a public servant and not to get every possible dollar out of it for himself and friends, he would better keep out of such service. For the people have made up their minds to make the terms of such men short terms. The man who fails to serve will not get in the second time.

Now, The Pacific is not entering into politics. Nor are we condemning the mayor and councilmen of Berkeley. We are merely mentioning some of the things which have been in the minds of not a few of the best people of the University city for some time and which contributed to the election of a socialist as mayor. Whether rightly or wrongly, they were there. The mayor and his friends couldn't get them out; hence his defeat, and the failure also to re-elect at the primary a member of the present council up for re-election.

How much this was due to a misunderstanding of the conduct of the mayor and others we do not know. How much conditions were due to enemies, we do not know. Our aim is merely to indicate that which brought about his defeat and the election of a socialist—and all with no thought of justifying the people in their objections to his administration. If the angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven and attempt to administer affairs on this old

earth, he would soon have people displeased with his actions and questioning his motives.

But, it is not yet determined that Berkeley is to have a socialistic administration. Two of the councilmen now serving will continue in office under the new administration. The present incumbent who was up for re-election may be victorious at the election April 22, as may also the other good government candidate. But it is the aim of the socialists, led by the mayor-elect, to land in office the socialist candidate, one of the four who received enough votes at the primary to place his name on the ticket for the election on the 22d, and an independent candidate, whose help the socialists think they can count on for not a few of their pet measures.

If the control should thus pass into the hands of the socialists, some extreme legislation for the present day in a city such as Berkeley may be expected, even under that admirable charter.

The Berkeley Daily Gazette, a paper claiming to take an independent position, yet conducted during the campaign so as to aid Mr. Wilson, says: "Wilson is a socialist of the conservative type. He has no fight against vested interests or property. In the election some of the largest property owners supported him. More than eighty per cent of the business men of the city were for Wilson.'

Setting aside what Mr. Wilson may be under the Berkeley charter, which permits some things which, if attempted precipitately, would greatly damage the city, we must judge him by his writings to be far from a conservative position as a socialist. For instance, he says in the Social Crusader: "I am convinced that capitalism is the supreme common enemy of the human race. There is no evil thing causing suffering, misery and degradation to the people that is not nurtured and helped by capitalism." Capitalism, he says, has revealed itself to him "as a ghastly and unforgiveable crime against humanity," and he curses it and has dedicated his life to the work of striking it down.

However, we do not expect to see Mr. Wilson going to extremes in his administration of affairs in Berkeley. The result as to councilmen in the primary election indicates that the socialists will not be in the majority in that body; and even if they were Mr. Wilson is wise enough to know that all displacements—even of the faulty by the good, must be made without haste. To act precipitately is to invite disaster.

All in all, we look for good to grow out of his election as mayor.

The Berkeley charter makes provision for the municipal ownership of public utilities. The new mayor is an advocate of municipal ownership. And he may see the way clear for the city to have her own water works and electric light system. At any rate, it seems that he will be able to bring about some reduction in the charges made by the corporations now serving the people in those and other ways and exacting tolls far too high when comparison is made with many another city.

But here The Pacific hopes he will move cautiously. The country is in danger of going corporation mad, and of throwing into bankruptcy not a few industries which, while run too much in the interests of their owners, nevertheless minister to the common prosperity.

"The commonplace deeds of the commonplace day
Are ringing bells in the far-away."

Wrongs may try a good man, but cannot imprint on him a false stamp.

THE COMING OF DR. AKED.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco is looking with pleasant anticipation to the coming of the Rev. Dr. Aked from New York next week to begin his pastorate in this city on Easter Sunday, April 16th.

Congregationalists all over the land are rejoicing with the San Francisco church in that Dr. Aked is coming to this place of commanding service. A few days ago Mr. I. H. Morse received a letter from Dr. Richards of the Church Building Society in which he said: "I rejoice in the immense gain to our work on the Pacific Coast which will result from the accession of such a strong and splendid leader as Dr. Aked. He is a great preacher and a great citizen, fully abreast of the age, and with a high-minded and a broad-minded purpose to make things better still."

Dr. Boynton of Brooklyn, New York, now moderator of the National Council, writes concerning Dr. Aked:

"Dr. Aked came to New York about four years ago. He immediately came into public notice, because of the courage of his public utterances, backed by his wide range of accurate knowledge. He is a wrestler for truth, and believing in it with his whole soul, is never afraid to express his convictions. He is a real Knight of the Cross. Many do not always agree with him, neither do they with any other man whose convictions are modern because his intelligence is up to date, but whether one agrees with him or not, he cannot fail to yield admiration for his character, and for his intense loyalty to the interests of the Kingdom of God. Personally, Dr. Aked is a high strung, impetuous, declarative, spirit. Like all fine personalities, he is unique, and can only be fairly interpreted in terms of his surging and dominant spirit. He is a man to be implicity trusted, because he is absolutely frank. He is an unusual preacher, and as a platform speaker is in the very front rank. My own acquaintance with him is both public and private. I meet him not infrequently on the public platform where we sometimes speak together, and privately in a Ministers' Club of twenty-five members, which meets once in two weeks, and which is a very close and royal fellowship. In both these relations, my esteem for Dr. Aked constantly grows. I believe him to be one of the ablest, truest and most genuine Christian ministers I know. His gifts are so unique, that whether as patriot, as publicist, or as preacher, he exercises a splendid influence on behalf of the highest and best things."

The Congregationalist in its issue for April 1st had a fine article on Dr. Aked, written by Mr. Bridgman, the managing editor, in which it was said: "Dr. Aked ought to prove a powerful accession to the moral and spiritual forces of the coast, and his pulpit utterances ought to challenge the attention and carry the convictions of high-minded men and women."

The article in The Congregationalist was written after Mr. Bridgman had had an interview with Dr. Aked in his home in New York after his return from San Francisco. And in the article Mr. Bridgman said concerning Dr. Aked: "He believes that the Pacific Coast is ready for a message which voices their own best instincts and hopes in the field of ethics and of religion. He expects to identify himself with movements looking toward social and civic reform. He is likely to be in the van there as he was in England in the fight for temperance and social righteousness."

In the light of such things as these the following on-the-surface comment of of the San Francisco Argonaut is somewhat amusing: "Dr. Aked frankly says that he doesn't know much about American affairs. In England, when questions and issues arise he is able to come promptly to

judgments, which though possibly mistaken, have a foundation in some knowledge of facts and in fixed conditions. But, in America, for all his four years' residence here, the whole social and political game is an unfathomable maze. This has the merit of candor; but we fear that at the same time it is a confession of working incapacity. A man of large intellectual powers, and Dr. Aked is such a man, may do important work even in a community of whose mind and sensibilities he knows nothing if he will limit himself to abstractions and generalizations. But, such a man will surely fall into errors, and through errors into confusions and humiliations, if he undertakes to make application of abstract judgments to immediate affairs and conditions. Since Dr. Aked is, by his own statement, wholly incapacitated by temperament, breeding and experience to deal with American subjects, there is but one safe course for him, and that is to 'keep in the middle of the road.'"

Doubtless, Dr. Aked will keep "in the middle of the road" as to those maters concerning which a preacher should keep there. But he is not coming to San Francisco to be an amoeba or a mollycoddle, and he will be in the van here in many a fight for righteousness just as he was in Liverpool.

WHY MR. BROWN DECIDED TO GO TO YALE.

Last week The Pacific had mention of the call extended to the Rev. Charles R. Brown to become dean of the Yale Divinity School.

His many friends on the Pacific Coast have wondered, doubtless, what it was that led Mr. Brown to pass by other attractive offers for service and accept the position in Yale.

There were four things which led to this decision:

The work puts him at the head of the leading divinity school of our denomination with a chance to put an impress on that fine body of young men in training for the Christian ministry.

It puts him in direct touch with the religious life of one of our leading universities with noble traditions and a Congregational atmosphere. He will have abundant opportunity to preach and to speak to the 3,000 young men gathered there from all over the land and to know scores of them personally.

It relieves him of the care and details of a large parish, but leaves him free to preach every Sunday if he chooses, at Yale and at other colleges, and at churches which may desire to have him fill in as he has done in Boston at the Old South Church. Yale not only allows but wants him to do this because of the value they feel it will be to the Seminary in having an active preacher at the head of the Divinity School.

It puts him in touch with the student life of the country as he will preach in the colleges and speak at the great student conferences from time to time.

An enlargement of the Divinity School along the following lines is planned:

First—the training of pastors and preachers as heretofore.

Second—the training of foreign missionaries which has already been begun under Dr. Harlan P. Beach, and it is proposed to teach men intending to go as missionaries the history, the religions, the languages of the countries to which they are to go. Courses are already offered in Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, etc.

Third—the training of men for the work of religious education, paid superintendents of Sunday-school, men to direct Bible study in city and college Y. W. C. A.'s etc.

Fourth—the training of men for social service in social settlements, associated charity workers, probation work, etc.

The idea is to develop a great school of Christian leadership suited for the needs of our generation. All this made it seem very attractive to Mr. Brown and he looks forward to a rare opportunity for usefulness.

He starts at the beginning of the next college year, in September and will have several months to rest before taking up regular work again.

The Pacific is pleased to state that marked improvement has already come to Mr. Brown since he laid down the Oakland pastorate and that he bids fair to enter on the work at Yale in such condition as to give promise of years of usefulness in his new field.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In the primary nominating election in April, 1912, the voters of Oregon will express their choice for President and Vice-President of the United States.

Portland churches are about to enter into arrangements with Gipsy Smith to hold evangelistic meetings there next November. Nearly $8,000 has been subscribed for this purpose, $6,000 of which will go toward building an auditorium to seat 6,000 persons.

In the year 1900 Long Beach, California, had a population of 2,252. According to the census in 1910 it had 17,809. Long Beach has had all this growth without saloons, which must be something amazing to brewers and saloonists if they really believe their assertions that prohibition is a retarder of growth and prosperity.

The city of Winnipeg has decided to go into municipal ownership on a large scale. It will buy the company controlling the street railways, the electric light, power and gas plants. It will not be long before this will be the movement everywhere. All the people, and not a few, must be served and profited by such enterprises.

In 1875 the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland purchased for $12,000 the lot which it sold recently for $300,000. The house of worship which it has used all these years cost $52,000. That is of no value to the purchasers who will tear it down and build in its place a modern business structure. It is rumored, however, that a passenger station for the Key Route electric line may be built thereon. The First Presbyterian Church is likely to build on the corner of Nineteenth and Harrison streets where it has had property for some time. It is said that $150,000 will be put into the new house of worship.

Three years Thomas R. Marshall was a practicing attorney in a town of 2,500 inhabitants in Indiana. For two years he has been governor of that state and is one of the men widely talked of as the next Democratic candidate for President. Marshall, it is highly probable, will be the nominee for the Vice-presidency. He was elected governor in 1908 by a plurality of 14,000, while Taft received for President a plurality of 10,000. What is called "Tom Marshall's Constitution" is to be submitted to the voters of the state next year. The passage through the legislature of the bill for a new constitution is hailed by the governor's friends as a unique and brilliant piece of statesmanship. His opponents regard it as a revolutionary and unconstitutional proceeding. Marshall is serene in the belief

that the courts will uphold the legislation. It is very difficult to amend the Indiana constitution and the one adopted in 1851 is inadequate. To amend it requires the action of two successive legislatures and a majority of all the votes cast for any purpose at the election at which it is voted on.

NOTES ON JAPAN

Chas. R. Brown

IV. The Week at Arima.

It is the custom of our American Board of missionaries to meet in an annual conference at a beautiful mountain resort called Arima. And it was our good fortune to be in Japan when that conference was held and to be present, meeting the missionaries and their wives and children. We heard them discuss their own problems right out loud when they were not making missionary addresses for the edification of the supporting churches at home. We heard them indicate to each, sure of ready sympathy, the joys and the difficulties of their particular fields. We met them socially, and they became to us not mythical personages of mere names in the annual report, but live men and women of rare Christian culture and of beautiful spirit. The memory of our days with them will ever remain to us an inspiration and a delight.

We were entertained at Japanese inns, but as a concession to foreign weakness chairs and tables and real beds were provided. But we had the sliding doors and paper walls which give to the occupants of adjoining rooms that feeling of intimacy which is as truly Japanese as a jinricksha. One can hear all the movements of his next door neighbor and know to what point he has come in making his morning toilet. Our room was next to that of President King of Oberlin, and when he parted from us he was good enough to express his pleasure in having come to know us better; and he added: "When a man has lived three days in a room adjoining that of another man in a Japanese inn he feels that he knows that other man so well that he can almost hear him change his mind."

The missionaries of our American Board in Japan are men and women of large build, wide vision and demonstrated efficiency. They have the qualities of Christian leadership which would have carried them to the front rank in any of the large communities where they might have chosen to labor here at home. They have spiritual passion—they would not be found on the mission field were this lacking—and they have capacity for bringing things to pass. This is the splendid combination referred to in the book of Acts where it is said of Stephen, "They were not able to resist the wisdom of the spirit by which he spake."

In that conference at Arima one man reported how the Superintendent of Education in his province had given permission to use the public school buildings in the evenings for stereoptican lectures on the life of Christ. This missionary had been traveling through that province, gathering audiences of from three to five hundred men and women, boys and girls, and telling them the story of Christ from the slides made from the masterpieces of Christian art. He had made engagements in thirty different towns and villages for the coming autumn.

Another missionary, in private conversation, told me of his experiences when he was sent with government sanction to assist in the work of the Christian Association for the soldiers at the front in the war with Russia. He was there in Manchuria making known by word and deed the word of life.

Another spoke in telling fashion of the needs still existing in his own district. There are in Japan thirty-five cities of over twenty thousand people without a single missionary of any denomination. There are two hundred and thirty-five cities of over ten thousand population with no missionary. There are sixteen hundred and sixty-four cities of over five thousand population with no missionary. The fields are large and white and unoccupied but the harvesters are all too few. In view of the over-churched conditions of certain towns and the crowding of sect upon sect here at home, the call of need in the foreign field becomes the more imperative.

Time and space would fail me to speak of the enduring impressions received from the character and the service of all those devoted men and women whom we met at Arima, but the names of DeForest, Gulick, and Denton, of Cary; Greene and Davis, of Allchin; Clarke and Cozad, and of Bartlett, Dunning and Cobb among the younger men, will always recall rare privileges in Christian fellowship and rewarding experiences in watching the progress of Christ's Kingdom.

Now is the time to do more for Japan. It is a little country, about the size of the state of California but with forty-five millions of people to California's two millions. It has shown what it can do in war. It is making rapid strides in education. It has five hundred daily papers already, some of them with a daily circulation of two hundred and fifty thousand copies. In military power, in political influence, in commercial enterprise and in education Japan is to lead the Orient.

China is older, larger, mightier, but China is not yet entirely awake. India has three hundred millions of people and a great heritage, but India is lying down discouraged, where Japan is on her feet and at work. We will be compelled to live with that Orient as no generation of western people were ever compelled before. What kind of an Orient shall it be?

In these days of rapid transit and constant intercommunication, the only way to think at all is to think in world terms as John H. DeForest of Japan and Arthur H. Smith of China and Robert A. Hume of India and James L. Barton, Christian Ambassador to the world at large, are thinking. And it is for us to make the well-rounded Gospel of Christ, ministering to improved health, to better educational methods and to the renewal and invigoration of the moral life, such a power in all that Orient as to render this closer contact with the life there which is inevitable, a privilege and not a menace to the sanitary, the economic and the moral well being of these western races.

THE ROAD FOR THE NEGRO INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT.

"A wave of color hysteria is sweeping over the country. The road of the aspiring Negro becomes more and more difficult," said Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the New York Evening Post, at the annual conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in the Park Street Church of Boston. Mr. Villard, who

is chairman of the executive committee of the association, in the beginning of his address said that the association was organized because the "situation of the Negro in the United States called for a strong militant organization to defend his rights and forward his causes." The speaker referred to several accomplishments of Negroes in various sections of the South which met with the approval and praise of white men, and then he said

"Encouraging as all this is, there can be no doubt that a wave of color hysteria is sweeping over the country. The road of the aspiring Negro or Negress becomes more and more difficult; he is abused for his low associations. Let him seek to rise above them, and what happens? Despite the fact that he has for years been told that if he acquires property and buys himself a house all will be well with him and his family; if he does so in a section of a city, whether it be New York, Seattle, Baltimore or Richmond, in which he may assure to his children good associations, pure air and clean streets, he is assailed as if his presence there meant the bringing in of a taint worse than leprosy and the laws are invoked against him. Let him arrive in New York at night and seek a lodging in a respectble hotel, and there is only one at which his application would for a moment be considered. In Southern cities the public libraries are closed in the face of the Negro who would make himself a useful, law-abiding and valuable citizen. His wife may be ill and desire the aid of Northern surgeons; if so she must travel in a day coach, and is denied in some States a Pullman berth, and by the son of Abraham Lincoln!—even though it may cost her her life, as it did in one case of which we know. So far has this color hysteria gone that a Mississippi court has awarded $25,000 damages to a woman who sued because she had been compelled to spend a night in a sleeping car in which were also five bishops of the church who were Negroes. And in almost every other field of human activity there are those who would assert the doctrine that all men may rise save he whose skin is black.

"The labor unionists, some Socialists, even some Jews who ought in all conscience to realize what oppression means, and the wickedness of attempts to hold down a race, would withhold a helping hand to the Negro and thereby mock the teachings of Christianity. Meanwhile, in the political field, the Negro, unaware of his holding the balance of power in several States, is being stripped of his rights and privileges as a citizen. He cannot even have a voice in the expenditure of his school funds, nor in the selection of his teachers who shall educate his children.

PARSON BELKNAP'S SERMON.

W. N. Burr.

"Parson Belknap says all things work together for good," remarked Jim Turner, blowing up the fire in his forge.

"Don't you ever believe it!" growled Joe Granger, kicking sullenly at a horse-shoe. "Nothing's ever worked for good in my life, and some other folks seem to have had the same experience. There's Jane Mitchell with an old drunk for a husband, and one child crippled and another lying dead in the house this minute, and nothing but a needle between her and starvation. There hasn't been any 'all things' or 'anythings' working for Jane's good that I can see, since she married Tom Mitchell. It's all tommy-rot that 'all things working for good' doctrine—just preacher's talk."

"Come around to church tomorrow, Joe, and we'll have a look at that," said a cheery voice; and turning, the men in Jim's blacksmith's shop looked into the face of the Home Missionary pastor who had overheard Joe's forceful but gloomy remarks. He at once dropped the sermon he had planned for the next day, and his mind began grappling with another.

"Give it to us, now, parson!" shouted one of the loungers in the shop group.

"I'm needed at Mitchell's. Preaching time is tomorrow," replied the missionary; and he was off with a message of comfort for stricken Jane Mitchell.

He was a man of academic training and taste, who dwelt with a people who were—different. Following his natural bent he would have found his work among men of his own mold; but the forces that fashion the lives of men had persistently driven him in other ways that had sometimes appeared to him as running only along the edges of life. Whatever of regret this may ever have caused him, he accepted the situation silently and faced his life with good cheer. Scarce a day came to him that he did not find floating about in his mind this tender passage of Scripture: "But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd;" and he found rest in a sense of fellowship with the Divine Man-Lover. After years of service among the humble and unschooled, his manner of speech had dropped somewhat into the way of theirs, though retaining something of the old academic phraseology.

The day after the brief conversation at the door of the blacksmith's shop Pastor Belknap looked into the faces of two or three men who had not been very regular church attendants for years. An unusual tenderness swept in upon him as he arose and began his sermon.

"All things work together for good to them that love God. Possibly some of us sometimes feel that all things work together to keep from us the things that are good in life, and we may fall to wondering if, after all, this familiar Scripture passage is not just religious sentiment that does not work out in actual life.

"But I think we are going to find, sooner or later, if we have not already discovered it, that we are in the hands of a Great, Wise Love-Power, who can always see the end from the beginning, who has a higher and a finer conception of good than we can have, and who is putting things together and making them work out good for us when we may be feeling that all things are working together for anything but good. Sometimes we get what we want in this life— and it is the 'what-we-want' that we are likely to be calling 'good.' And sometimes what we want does not come, but something better does come. And sometimes, because we are fretful and rebellious and self-willed, we cut off God's plan, and find ourselves forced to accept the dire results of our own misdoing. And sometimes we suffer all sorts of limitations and hardships through no fault of our own whatever, but wholly because other people whose lives are linked with ours persist in making a poor thing of their own lives.

"But I think God made everyone of us for something larger and finer than anything we have ever planned for ourselves; and if we will let Him have His way with us He will bring us along to the things that He has prepared for them that love Him. We take up life as if it were the very purpose of our Creator in making us to form creatures to spend their lives from the cradle to the grave making a living. 'Making a living' is what life means to us largely. Making a life is what our life means to God. And when we catch something of that view of life, and let God

have His way with us, then He makes all sorts of experiences to be working together for good. I don't believe that all things work together for the good of just anybody, however, because when one is self-willed, and will not receive the disciplinary experiences of life in such a way as to get the good that these experiences have the power of working out, then the good cannot blossom in that life. The Scripture is not just 'all things work together for good,' but it is 'all things work together for good **to them that love God.**' God must bulk large in the affections before one can claim the promise of this text. But let one once open his life to God and he will find that there is a 'worth while' hidden away in every experience that comes to him. For then he will know that the experience is 'worth while' that contributes to his larger, finer **life,** not merely to his 'living.'

"Now, I wish I could help some of you to realize all this in at the heart of it. I sometimes almost shrink from bringing to you a sermon carrying the line of thought that moves with this sermon, because many people are likely to catch only the surface of it, and go away with the feeling that there is nothing in it but preaching. But it is just because this teaching that all things work together for good to them that love God **does** work out in actual life that I am pressing it upon you. I want you to know the joy of it. I want you to sense the thrill of it. I want you to get back of the preaching of it, and find the hidden delight of it.

"But how can I unlock your heart's door, and let in upon you this stately experience—a personal sense of the great truth that all things do work together for good to them that love God?

"If you are inclined to question the teaching of this text; if any are inclined to say they don't believe it, or to look upon it as 'nothing but preaching,' I want to help you to turn from all this and instead, face this great fact: that there is a hidden source of power that some lives find, and finding it, they find the secret of this wonderful experience that is pictured in the text. It is no vague theory. There are too many lives that testify to the reality of it—lives that have suffered and overcome, lives that have met temptation and bereavement and the tyranny of irksome conditions, and vanquished them. And every such life comes to you with outstretched hands to say: 'Come, now, it can be done, for I have tried it: let me help you to find this strength that you need.'

"No doubt some of you have planned your life in one way, and it has worked out in quite another way. You have wanted **that,** but you have been forced to accept **this.** And sometimes it may seem to you as if your life were really amounting to nothing but the tag ends of things, instead of the firm, well-woven, splendid life that you had planned it to be. Now, it may not be an easy matter at all to find that which veered you off from the plan you had made for yourself. It may have been God's will that it should be so, and it may be that you are the victim of your own will. It may be that while you had planned one thing, God had something else that He wanted done that no one else could do but you, and so He has commissioned you to do it, though it has interfered with your plans—torn them all to shreds. And it may be that He would have allowed you to work right along in line with the plans you had made for yourself if you had counseled with Him a little more, and worked in the light of His wisdom, and not so much under the pressure of that which seemed right to you. Perhaps you have made mistakes that you need not have made, and God has had to take you from that and bring you to **this** for your good. Perhaps you can look back and see just what it was that turned your life from the channel in which you had hoped it might run, and perhaps you cannot. But I am sure of this: If you will daily face the hidden Source of power, taking hold on the Strength that you need that God stands ready to give to you, He will make these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory than would have been yours without them. When I come in touch with a life that feels its limitations, and suffers, and endures, and is more or less brave every day, I have a great respect for that life, and I feel sure that all it has lost is going to be made up to it sometime, somewhere.

"What is right living? Just to do your best
When worst seems easiest. To bear the ills
Of daily life with patient cheerfulness,
Nor waste dear time recounting them. To talk
Of hopeful things when doubt is in the air.
To count your blessings often, giving thanks,
And to accept your sorrows silently,
Nor question why you suffer. To accept
The whole of life as one perfected plan,
And welcome each event as part of it.
To work, and love your work; to trust, and pray
For larger usefulness and clearer sight—
This is right living, pleasing in God's eyes.' "

"Well, that's all right for preaching," said Joe Granger, as he walked home with some of the other men, "but I don't see as that makes Jane Mitchell's life any easier. However, the parson's been to school more than most of us around here has, and perhaps he has learned some things that we haven't had no chance to learn."

La Canada, California.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Tribute to Samuel M. Freeland.

I add a few words to the editor's tribute to Rev. Samuel M. Freeland, a noble and scholarly Senior, came to old Yale I found a group of brave and brilliant men, including Joe Tritchell and Bob Stiles, who had conducted for a year a society not secret; strictly a literary society for mutual improvement. It was non-secret, not anti-secret. But there were not a few in the then conservative old college who wanted to wipe it out, especially when it began to attract valuable men of succeeding classes. Groans and caricatures were not our infrequent treatment as we went on our quiet but effective way.

There were threats of smashing our furniture and I think some of our fellows slept at times in our room to protect it. It was when our burden was heaviest that Samuel M. Freeland, a noble and scholarly Senior came to our aid. He who has been a Freshman understands a Senior's sympathy. This stalawrt hero stood by us, championed our right to have any decent kind of a society we chose. His words, his genial generous presence heartened us. We who learned to know and love him there have followed our noble friend with grateful thought ever since. As that quarter of successive classes took three-quarters of the prizes, and some of its members were chosen into the most aristocratic societies, the opposition died down. But it was hot for a time. The society passed out of existence as did the "Brothers in Unity," and "Lenonia." But the friendships formed there have lasted. I have had

no richer social joy on this coast than the fellowship with this blessed and useful man. He has gone where Finney and Whittier have gone; where Fairchild and Beecher know each other better than they did on earth. Earth is a deal poorer to some of us but heaven is by so much the richer. Know, dear friends in Washington, that some of us in California feel as you do, and as our Pacific has fitly told.

Higher criticism does not trouble our brother now. Nothing troubles him.. He is glad he stayed in the fellowship in which he wrought his useful work. Hail! and farewell! We shall meet you in the morning.

Welcome to Dr. Aked.

It is more than a narrow denominational pride we have in the coming of Dr. Aked to the First Church in San Francisco. There's a natural feeling of glorying in their spunk. It's like San Francisco which would not all burn up, which would not shake all to pieces. The errand which attracted him, the hearing given him, the banquet tendered him when he spoke of Lincoln as we never heard man speak before, though noble men have spoken nobly of the great emancipator, are, like the rebuilding of the city, something wonderful. Now may heaven bless the bans. May the good brother come to the crowning work of his life and do mighty work unifying and building up the churches of the Kingdom. Would that some far-sighted man of any true church would put a baptistry in the First Church. No doubt other churches would lend their baptristries to this man who has led Baptist hosts nobly. But what a tribute to his true catholicity and true liberalism if he might be met half way and his dear new church be equipped to welcome souls whether they came through sprinkling or a flood. Charles Brown borrowed baptistries in Oakland. I think Beecher had his own in Brooklyn. John Morgan baptized by immersion precious souls in Oberlin his mighty colleague Finney won to Christ. It's too late in the day to build a wall of water between the divisions of the one true army of God. Carleton college might have been built in Minnesota but it would not have been built at Northfield if Aloha had been a stiff sprinkler. That beautiful morning in June 1864 when he helped immerse fourteen saints in the quiet Cannon river, sprinkled men and babes on shore, and again other adults and babes in the dear Brown church settled the matter that the college should come to Northfield. It made the church large, broad, strong. Let us all pray that the dear old church in San Francisco may go on in power and victory. My heart goes with my frank words. God bless our coming brother. Don't ask him to argue with young converts who want to come into the fold the watery way. Let them come as they wish. Trust God and trust the warm pastor heart to apply the water of consecration to beautiful babes as will help their parents to feel they have been dedicated to God. Don't stickle for the word or form baptism if you can get the great fact of consecration.

Blossom Day.

Fairness compels the statement that the R. R. Commission compels such detail that all items are not at this writing fully settled, but the morning trains Saturday, April 8th, excepting the Los Angeles express from San Francisco, bring our guests who have the $2.50 ticket to Saratoga. These give the loop ride on the interurban and the visit to Congress Springs. The Southern Pacific promises a representative at Saratoga to give full information as to return. There is wide variety for Saturday so guests may put in a full day. The ticket also entitles the holder to a ride in carriage or automobile to some choice selected view point where the wide wealth of blossoms may be seen. This ticket also is good to return four days. Our thoughtful friends will see why we cannot promise elaborate dinners for a company which clouds will reduce to hundreds, and which the glorious sun has extended to ten thousand. Take the word of an old campaigner and believe it is "mighty safe when you go into the country to take a snack of grub." You will find no lack of hospitality on the part of Saratoga, and there will be generous and tasteful supplements to your lunch baskets. So come, friends; come, and bring the children.

A WESTERNER.

My father's sleep o'er the sunrise plains
And each one sleeps alone;
Their trails may dim to the grass and rains,
For I choose to make my own.
I lay proud claims to the blood and name
But I lean on no dead kin;
My name is mine for the praise or scorn,
And the world began when I was born,
And the world is mine to win!

They built high towns on their old log sills,
Where the great slow rivers gleamed,
But with new, live rocks from savage hills,
I'll build as they only dreamed.
The fire scarce dies where the trail-camp lies
Till the rails glint down the pass;
The desert springs into fruit and wheat
And I lay the stones of a solid street
Over yesterday's untrod grass.

I waste no thought on my neighbor's birth
Or the way he makes his prayer;
I grant him a white man's room on earth
If his game is only square.
While he plays it straight I'll call him mate,
If he cheats I drop him flat.
All rank but this is a worn-out lie,
For all clean men are as good as I
And a king is only that.

I dream no dreams of a nursemaid state,
That will spoon me out my food.
A stout heart sings in the fray with fate
And the shock and sweat are good.
From noon till noon all the earthly boon
That I ask my God to spare—
Is a little daily bread in store,
With the room to fight the strong for more,
And the weak shall get their share.

The sunrise plains are a tender haze,
And the sunset seas are gray,
But I stand here where the bright skies blaze
Over me and the big Today.
What use to me is the vague "may be,"
Or the mournful "might have been?"
For the sun wheels swift from morn to morn
And the world began when I was born,
And the world is mine to win!

—By Charles Badger Clark, Jr., in Pacific Monthly.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles, Vernon.—The Rev. William Davies is visiting his native land—Wales. His pulpit is being supplied by the Rev. E. H. Wilesford.

Black Diamond.—The Rev. O. W. Lucas of Berkeley, took Mr. Cooke's place at Black Diamond last Sunday. The framework of the new building is up.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—At a communion service held last Sunday, four persons were welcomed into fellowship, making 30 since the beginning of Mr. Roger's pastorate four months ago.

Grass Valley.—This church had the pleasure of having with it last Sunday the Rev. R. K. Ham of San Francisco, a former pastor. Mr. Sargent's six month's engagement having ended the church has invited him to the permanent pastorate and he has accepted. Last Sunday he was in San Francisco preaching in the Mission church.

Los Angeles, Pico Heights.—This church celebrates its twentieth anniversary next Sunday. The pastor, the Rev. J. M. Schaefle, will give the anniversary sermon in the morning, and in the evening there will be a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Fox of the First Congregational Church of Pasadena. At 2:45 there will be a fellowship meeting at which time there will be greetings from other churches.

Long Beach.—The quarterly report of the church treasurer issued this week shows the financial condition of the church to be the best in all its history, with all obligations fully met to date. The church building has recently been renovated by the redecoration of the church interior and minor repairs to the exterior, all this the gift of the Woman's Aid Society. The chapel formerly occupied by the Plymouth church has been leased to the Christian Science church for the current year.

SIERRA MADRE.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of this church was celebrated March 26th and 27th. At the Sunday morning service the pastor, the Rev. James M. Campbell,, D. D., preached on the subject, "What This Church Stands For," his contention being that it stands for catholicity of spirit, religious freedom, progress in doctrine and methods, essential Christianity, practical ministry to the world, and a conquering Christianity.

The evening service was conducted by the Rev. Warren F. Day, D. D., who preached an interesting and eloquent sermon on "The Worth of Man," contrasting his physical feebleness with his intellectual powers and moral possibilities, and showing that as a being capable of endless development he is well worthy of all of God's efforts to save him.

The meeting on Monday evening was of the nature of a church family reunion and social. Mr. J. C. Dickson, church clerk, read an interesting historical sketch of the church from its organization down to the present time. He stated that during the five and a half years of the present pastorate the church has had its largest growth, having increased in membership four fold. The attendance at Sunday-school outnumbers that of the public school, which shows that the field is pretty well gleaned over. Many items of a reminiscent character were brought out in the address of H. A. Colcord, who has in many ways been in close touch with the church from the beginning. Incidentally he showed how much the present worshipers are indebted to the toils and sacrifices of those who went before them. An optimistic forward look was taken by Mr. F. D. R. Moote, who dwelt especially upon the encouraging work among the young people. At the close of the program a social meeting was held in the church parlors, at which refreshments were served by the Ladies Aid Society.

A feature of added interest was the rededication of the church building. The growing demands of the congregation and Sunday-school have called for an increase of room, to meet which an addition was built to the church about two years ago. A gallery has now been added to the west wing of the church, which can be used for Sunday-school class purposes. A new organ and piano have also been installed, the platform aisles recarpeted, and a beautiful communion table has been provided. The general effect of the improvements is pleasing to the eye and the audience room has at once an attractive and a churchly look. The attendance at these special services taxed the capacity of the building, and the sentiment was expressed that it will not be long before further enlargements will be necessary. Altogether this joint celebration was a red letter occasion in the history of this church.

PARISH HOUSE CAMPAIGN FOR PLYMOUTH CHURCH, OAKLAND.

The "Parish House Campaign," which was mentioned in The "Pacific" March 22, has been carried through in a most successful and encouraging way. Over $27,000 was pledged in an eight days campaign conducted by about fifty men organized into ten companies, each company with a captain. These men reported every night at a supper and there was keen rivalry between the different teams to see which should have the best report night by night. A card catalogue of the entire constituency of the church was prepared, including parents of the Sunday school children and to this was added the names of many without the church who it was thought could be interested in an enterprise like the Parish House.

The result of the campaign night by night was posted up on a large bulletin in the Sunday-school room, the totals being as follows:

	Subscriptions	Amount
Monday night	88	$8,507
Tuesday night	83	6,304
Wednesday night	56	3,136
Thursday night	64	2,455
Friday night	70	2,527
Saturday night	110	4,298
Totals	470	$27,227

This is a remarkable showing for a little church of 251 members and is made possible by two things: First, a very effective organization and earnest work on the part of the men engaged in the canvass, and second, the merit of the Parish House proposition itself. Our men found hardly anyone who disapproved of the object, and many expressions of sympathy and good will were met from all sorts of people.

The design and floor plans of the Parish House will probably appear in The "Pacific" in a subsequent issue. The idea is to erect a building on our 75-foot Piedmont avenue frontage which will not only accommodate our Sunday-school, but will be available also as a gymnasium during the week. This has been made absolutely necessary by the remarkable growth of our Sunday-school which now has an enrollment of 443, and by the development of two very enthusiastic athletic clubs among our older boys. The building will also contain reading rooms, club rooms and game rooms directly on Piedmont avenue open every night in the week. We have consistently fought the saloon in this neighborhood and so we now propose to provide "Something better than the saloon" in the way of a social center for the life of our young people. The success of this campaign and the sympathy which it has aroused in many people ordinarily indifferent to the church should prove an encouragement to all Christian workers around the bay as it certainly has been to the men and women of Plymouth Church. We feel that the splendid response to our campaign is in reality a vote of confidence from the entire community.

Ground was broken for the new building Sunday morning, March 26th. Each of the ten captains in the canvass handled a shovel full of dirt. Prayer was offered by the pastor and the simple ceremony closed with the singing of the doxology. This marks a new era in the history of Plymouth Church.

SAN DIEGO CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

The San Diego Congregational Church Extension Society met on Monday, March 27th, in the parlors of the First Congregational church. A constitution was adopted, providing, among other things, for three classes of members, annual, associate and life, with three corresponding amounts of dues, $1 annually, and $10 and $100 at any time. The following officers were elected:

President, Mr. George W. Marston, of First Church; vice-president, Mr. Charles H. Mohnike, of Chula Vista; secretary, Rev. Shelton Bissell, of La Jolla; treasurer, Mr. M. T. Gilmore, of First Church; exerutive committee, Mr. J. H. Halley, of Lemon Grove; Mr. Ira S. Trey, of Logan Heights, San Diego; Mr. M. K. Campbell, of National City.

The Society is overseeing work already in a promising and rapidly growing section of the city, and believes that it has a future of increasing usefulness to Congregationalism before it. B. S.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be addressed by Dr. Scudder of India.

CONCERNING THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION.

Although there is indication that there will be a very general celebration on April 23d, yet there will be a number of churches which will celebrate on some later date.

The American Bible Society, from the Bible House, New York, is sending out a letter to all the pastors in the United States concerning the Tercentenary of the English Bible and enclosing a suggested order or service as Tercentenary Leaflet 4. Any church desiring them in quantity for the Tercentenary service can secure them from the Bible House, New York, at 25 cents a hundred.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle.—The Rev. Jonas Bushnell, a retired Congregational minister, passed into the other life from his home in Seattle on the 31st of March at the age of 66. He was a native of Liverpool, England. Coming to this country in 1873 he located first in South Dakota. He was ordained to the ministry in 1894. Since 1901 he has been in the employ of the city as a street inspector.

Seattle.—Plymouth Church bade farewell last Sunday evening to the edifice occupied since 1891. At a union service in the evening Dr. Temple, a former pastor, spoke on "The Good Old Times"; Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith on "Congregational Fellowship;" Rev. C. R. Gale on "Congregational Expansion;" Rev. H. C. Mason on "The Blessing of Building." At a meeting Thursday evening of last week Dr. Van Horn, the pastor, spoke, and others with the church all the years of its existence gave reminiscences. The work of demolishing the building will begin at once. Twenty years ago Plymouth church building was one of the finest in Seattle. Now it goes down before the needs of the growing business center dotted with lofty and costly modern structures.

SEATTLE CONGREGATIONALISM.

From the reports of the self sustaining churches given in the quarterly edition of Congregational Seattle we glean the following: Many churches have adopted the Duplex Envelope system, several churches having used the system with success for some time. Columbia reports a membership of 168. The attendance at the Y. P. S. C. E. sometimes reaches 45 and is noticeable for the number of boys of high school age. Quarterlies have been banished from the Sunday-schools, Bibles and lesson leaves taking their place. A Sunday-school orchestra of ten pieces has been organized. Rev. E. D. Weage will soon complete a nine year pastorate, this is the second longest pastorate of those now in Seattle. Dr. E. L. Smith of Pilgrim having been here since 1899. Rev. E. C. Mason is the third having come in 1904. Edgewater is well organized and is pushing its work with vigor; all bills were paid on February 1st; the treasurer of benevolences handles about one-third of the budget, and the prayer meetings indicate a healthy growth of spiritual life. A newly papered and renovated church surprised pastor and people on a recent Sunday, the work was so quietly done by a self-appointed committee. When organized Edgewater had the field to itself, but now there are nine churches in the immediate neighborhood, but it yet continues to grow. The Green Lake church was the second in the field but now there are eleven besides two that have died, while on the other side of the lake, somewhat affecting it there are several more. But the cities growth is such that eventually this will not be too many, though now it means a decidedly overchurched state. But Congregationalism is strong, both the Green Lake and the Keystone church, though sharing the same field, are growing in numbers and strength, and outgrowing their quarters. The six regular communions were held by the Green Lake church last year, and at each there were additions. The total being 15 by letter and 16 on confession. The graded lessons have been adopted in the Sunday-school as fast as prepared, and have proved a great success. The pastor, Rev. C. F. Clarke, will have been here five years in

June. Pilgrim has installed a new heating apparatus at a cost of $4,000. The missionary interest has been maintained at the usual high pitch and the church has been very active. The Sunday-school and Men's Club and Women's organizations have kept up to their usual standard and much work has been done among the girls and boys. Dr. Smith hopes for the time when the benevolences will equal the home expenses. The past year marked the 41st anniversary of Plymouth, and her last year in the present building. The activities of a great church like this are too many for mention here, but the many sided work of the pastor, Rev. F. J. Van Horn, is supplemented by an assistant pastor, deaconess and paid secretary, beside the many well organized societies among the people which do a vast amount of work. The assistant pastor conducts preaching services and Sunday-school at Fountleroy Chapel every Sunday. Prospect had a prosperous year under the leadership of R. S. Osgood; the exterior of the church has been thoroughly changed so as to make a very beautiful building; work is now being done on the interior, which when finished will make a greatly improved edifice. Queen Anne, under the guidance of Rev. Dr. Sidney Strong, has done an efficient work in its community. For nearly two years a ten cent tea has been served Thursday nights and has helped to solve the prayer meeting problem. A Mission Study class has recently been organized and during Lent meetings are being held leading up to a study of the Savior's last days during passion week. University Church, situated in one of the most rapidly growing communities in the city, is fortunate to have a pastor fully capable of reaching both the permanent residents and the ever-increasing army of students. This is probably our fastest growing church at present, and one of the most active. Members are running about a dozen Bible classes among the students alone; the Men's Club and Women's League each number over one hundred, the Sunday-school is growing very rapidly. There is a deaconess who spends much of her time visiting among the pupil and looking up new scholars. There are several Boy's Clubs, including a band of Scouts. The missionary interest is growing and the apportionment for 1911 is practically all pledged. West Side has recently revised its rolls and now reports a membership of 162. The women are very active both as an aid society in the material things and as a missionary band in the wider work of the world. Rev. E. Tremayne Dunstan, the pastor, is greatly encouraged with the outlook.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

By reference to the editorial remarks in The Pacific of the 22nd inst., it seems that I am in error supposing that a monument marks the resting place of Colonel Edward Dickinson Baker in Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco. My information that that was so came from a man who knew Col. Baker well, and was in California, and possibly in San Francisco, at the time he was buried on December 11, 1861. If there is nothing to mark his burial place other than an ordinary headstone, for one I should think that if California continues to refuse to erect an appropriate shaft over his remains, then Oregon ought to be permitted to perform that duty.

While it is true that Col. Baker was only a resident of Oregon a few months—less than eight—and that he came here avowedly to secure a seat in the United States Senate, I think it is also true that if he had survived the issues of the Civil War he would have returned to Oregon at the end of his senatorial term and probably would have remained a citizen of Oregon the remainder of his life. The following letter, probably one among the last, Col. Baker wrote to any one on this Coast, aside from his own family, sustains my view:

"Headquarters Baker's Brigade,

"Camp Advance, Chain Bridge, Sept. 22, 1861.

"My Dear Sir:

"The intense excitement now agitating the country, and the great pressure of military business now devolving upon me, must be my excuse for having neglected to write to you sooner. Again, I feel that what would interest you particularly at this crisis, would be war news, which you receive in a much more extended and expeditious manner through the public press, than I could possibly give you in any one communication.

"A great battle is hourly anticipated, and whatever position I may occupy in the coming contest, you may rest assured that the State of Oregon shall have no cause to be ashamed of my action.

"You have doubtless learned, ere this, of my appointment by the President as a Brigadier-General. My duty to the State of Oregon, in my opinion, is such that I have felt compelled to decline the honor.

"Yesterday, I had conferred upon me an additional honor, in the shape of an appointment as Major-General, but, actuated by the same motive as decided me in the former instance, I shall decline this position also.

"I am very conscious of the necessity of a military force in Oregon, for various reason, and I am today maturing a plan which I intend to submit to the President and Secretary of War for their approval—by which I hope that a force sufficient for all purposes will be raised in Oregon.

"Whilst I am writing this, your letter of August 23d arrived. * * In relation to the Senatorship, be pleased to say to every one, once for all, that I value the station conferred upon me by the State of Oregon more highly than any other in the world—that I do not intend to vacate or resign.

"I shall retain command enough in the field to enable me to risk my life with honor. With that I am content. I have strong hopes that by next spring this war will be successfully terminated—the unity of the country maintained—and the supremacy of the Constitution vindicated. How happy shall I be then to return to your peaceful valleys, and give to our people an account of this great contest! But if Providence should will it otherwise, and my bones moulder on a southern soil, be pleased then to say for me that no man can be more grateful for the confidence of the people of my State, and the warm wishes of so many good friends, than your sincere friend, E. D. BAKER."

"W. C. Johnson, Esq., Oregon City, Oregon."

It is well known that Col. Baker, during his residence of nearly eight years in California, during which time he was recognized as the leader of the California bar, was an aspirant for the position of United States Senator from that State; but the reasons why he was not elected may not be so generally understood. From all that I have been able to learn it is my conviction that he failed of election to the position which he so strongly coveted because he defended Cora and Casey, the murderers of James King of William, editor of the San Francisco Bulletin in 1856, who was a strong supporter of the Vigilance Committee of that time, which exerted such a powerful influence in restoring law and order in that city.

Portland, March 26, 1911.

The Home.

LITTLE BITS.

A little bit of patience makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

"NOT BY BREAD ALONE."

A teacher in one of the public schools in Chicago asked her fifth grade pupils to write a definition of the word home. Here is the reply of a little Polish girl:

"A home is w'ere peoples live and w'ere a man or somebody comes home and finds peoples there and then eats."

This childish observation may bring a smile, yet all unconsciously it reflects a real phase of life that is anything but smile-provoking. Each of us, I dare say, knows more than one person to whom "home" apparently signifies little more than a first class boarding house. Oh, the dearth of spiritual and intellectual food in such a home—the apparent lack of realization that the word comprehends something beyond mere material comforts! Only the other day a young woman told me her own experience in a home of this sort.

"Perhaps I should not speak of it," she said hesitatingly, "but it seems as if I must talk of it to someone. I have just returned from a visit with mother and father—the first in nearly a year—and it fairly made me ill, the atmosphere was so depressing. Not that this is anything new. It has been so ever since I can remember. But having been away for several years I sort of have time between visits to shake off the dispiriting memory of it all.

"You see, father was always a busy man, and a man with 'nerves.' His arrival home each evening was a signal for quiet to fall like an ill-fitting mantle over the house. We never could have any real jolly good times because it would 'disturb father.' He gave us everything that money could buy, but I think I can almost count the occasions when he devoted any of his time at home to us or our individual interests—or to what a father might naturally expect his children's interests should be. We were not allowed to converse at the table, and father himself usually had very little to say. At breakfast he read his newspaper. Never was there any interchange of experiences or ideas at the dinner hour, never any gayety. We sat in silence and ate what was set before us. I wonder that we didn't all die of mental as well as physical indigestion.

"This atmosphere of constant repression permeated our entire day, our very lives. It doesn't seem strange, do you think, that my sisters eloped with the first youths who asked them? And I—well I honestly confess that the situation influenced my choice of a profession that would take me away from home. As for mother, naturally buoyant and joyous and alive though she was—she simply didn't know how to meet the unresponsiveness of the big, silent man she had taken for a husband. After the first futile efforts to make things different she gradually fell in with his habits of life, so she told me years afterward. And—well, have you ever seen a little dog whipped into submission? Mother always brought that picture to my mind.

"Yet if anyone had mustered courage to tell father that he was making us all unhappy, doubtless he would have been the most surprised man in the world. He wasn't the sort, somehow, with whom you could talk things over and clear up a matter. If you tried it he became more silent than ever, if that could be possible. So we all lived along the lines of least resistance and his way dominated the home. Why, sometimes there would be days and days when he scarcely spoke a word to any of us.

"The years haven't changed things, as I can see. I suppose it is too late now to expect a change. But the thought of two persons who might be so mutually helpful and happy, growing old together in melancholy silence, is anything but inspiriting. I have often thought I'd like to compile a cookbook entitled, 'Life's Menus.' And in amongst the soups and meats, the salads and desserts, would be a liberal sprinkling of food for thought—conversation, jokes, the day's happenings, current events, kindness, consideration, generous response and affection—all joyously served with proper seasonings and garnishings."

This young woman's experience is doubtless an extreme. At least I trust so. Nevertheless, we do see certain aspects of it duplicated on almost every hand. We see homes where there is a noticeable lack of mutual sympathy and self-giving, of that homely interchange of thought and idea without which there can be no underglow of joy—no understanding of the depths that lie in daily, common things.

Members of a family have no right to indulge themselves in moods of unresponsiveness. It is as wrong to themselves as to those about them. Having to live with a human sphinx is indeed a shriveling experience. In family relations, as in the world-wide life, one need never fear of giving too much sympathy and love—too much self-service.

The family may be likened to the stockholders in a corporation. The father and mother hold controlling shares, and hence on them falls chiefly the responsibility of working out the "corporation's" policy. The stockholders may receive large dividends of happiness if they invest wisely. But if they hoard within themselves there will be no returns; in time they will become bankrupt—that home will fail.

Some people are like sponges in their absorbing ability; like blocks of cold granite when it comes to giving out anything they have absorbed. Such people are misers. You can be more of a miser with words, kindness, encouragement, love than with money. For they are worth far more than gold.

There is anaemia that is not of the body. There is starvation not of the flesh. Heart and soul, deprived of their own peculiar nourishment suffer the cruelest poverty of life. Any home which chiefly signifies a place "w'ere a man or somebody comes home and finds peoples there and then eats" is violating the pure food laws of human existence.—Mary Humphrey, in the Continent.

SEED THOUGHTS.

A word to the wise is sufficient, but a whole volume wouldn't convince the otherwise.

Some men are like a laying hen, they set up a big

cackling every time they do anything.

It may be true that figures do not lie, but you can not make a fashionable dressmaker believe it.

Men who owe all they have and all they are to an industrious, economical wife, too often leave her out when they boast of their success, as most successful men are prone to do.

There is a wide difference between having a note in the bank and having a bank-note in the pocket, and therein lies the difference between complacency and discontent.

Voluptuous pleasures bring tormenting pains.

We are never so unfortunate or so unhappy as we think ourselves.

When men speak ill of you, live so that nobody will believe them.

Without innocence beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible.

Where avarice rules, humanity is absent.

Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood.

Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble.

APOSTROPHE TO AMERICA.

O Native Land! dear Native land!
Magnificent art thou,
Throned with the sea on either hand,
The stars upon thy brow.

For thee there is no task too great;
Thou hast the imperial power.
The nations for thy guidance wait
When storm-clouds darkly lower.

The earth her wealth for ages stored—
Her treasures manifold—
Before thy feet has proudly poured
In lavish streams of gold.

Millions of men from foreign shores,
With youth and courage blest,
Have come with hope to share thy stores,
Great Mistress of the West.

Thou takest them, thou moldest them,
They win life at thy board;
Their virtue is thy diadem,
Their vigor is thy sword.

Thy strength is match for any strife,
Thy seas are undisturbed;
Yet there are threatening dangers rife
Born of thy power uncurbed.

Oh, let unselfishness control
The motives of our laws;
Let peace and union be thy goal,
And love thy holiest cause.

—From "The Pilgrims," by Nathan Haskel Dole.

THE VALUE OF THE SPOKEN WORD.

I saw her come into the train and take a seat across the aisle—a young girl of twenty, with dark lines, as of weeping, under her lowered lids. She placed her bags and bundles beside her, her umbrella in the corner, then drawing her veil over her face, she clasped her hands tightly in her lap, a picture of mute despair. My heart went out to her. Grief is poignant at twenty, and horizons "mere ugly heights and heaps" to shut hope in.

The train had begun to move when the face of the station master appeared at the window beside her, then his hand and a telegram were thrust into hers. She threw back her veil and read the dispatch. All at once, as I watched her, I saw her face change. It was as though heavy fogs had suddenly lifted, revealing opaline seas as she sat there and smiled.

"A lover, of course," I said to myself, and rather envied the girl, as who would not—who of us, at least, among the old and so-called wise? Before the day was done, however, I had read the telegram myself. By that time the girl and I were friends. No lover had sent the message, but a man much older than she, one of the rare men of this world, the men to praise God for—a man who understood the value of the spoken or the written word.

"Not good-by," the telegram ran. "Good time, good luck, and happiness."

Nothing else. And all on a slip of yellow paper. Ten words and no more. The cost of it twenty-five cents, yet O, the difference to her! For courage, as she told me, had flown. All her acquaintances were left behind. Want and privation had closed the doors of her father's house, and there had been no hands to wave a farewell from its windows as she went out into the world alone, to make the fight allotted to the women of these modern days, who must find their own protectors in themselves.

People had been sorry for her, that she knew. Her friends—and she had dozens of them with whom she had grown up and gone to school—her friends had offered to help here whenever she turned to them, but only one of all her acquaintances had taken the trouble to go to the telegraph office and send her a word of encouragement.

Yes! I repeat—one of the men to praise God for; one of the rare men who add to the joy of living for us all.

NOT THIS WAY AGAIN.

"Whence come and whither bound are we?"
Holds something still of mystery;
But one grave thought is clear and plain,
We shall not pass this way again.

Why waste an hour in vain regret
For common ills that must be met?
Why of the thorny road complain?
We shall not pass this way again.

Why wound or cause a tear to start?
Why vex or trouble one poor heart?
Each hath its secret grief or care,
Its burden that thou canst not share.

The years glide by; stand strong and true.
The good thou canst, oh, quickly do!
Let gentle words soothe woe and pain,
We shall not pass this way again.

—Eliza M. Hickok.

Our Young People

INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing thee low and swing aloft—
Sleep as a papoose should;
For safe in your little birchen nest,
Quiet will come, and peace and rest,
If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie wild,
And the owlet hoots in the tree;
And the big moon shines on the little child
As it slumbers peacefully.
So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low and take the rest
That the night wind brings.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of hunt and fight;
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful sound
All through the solemn night.
But the little papoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.

—Chicago Tribune.

TIM'S ONE GOOD DAY.

I am sorry to say that Tim was not at all a good boy. He did not do as he was told, he seldom learned his lessons, and he was very often in a very bad temper. In this respect he was not like his brothers and sisters, who were exceedingly sunny people.

There had been so many of what the family called "Tim's bad days" that his mother began to feel very anxious about her youngest boy. She feared that, when he was a little baby, and a delicate one, not strong and sturdy like the others, she had indulged him too much.

"Tim," she said, as she saw his scowling little face,—he couldn't find his cap,—"never mind that cap. You need not go to school today."

Tim stared at his mother in amazement. Then, although on most days he grumbled at having to go to school, he suddenly decided that on this day he did not want to stay at home!

"I'm goin' to school!" he muttered, and made a dash for the door.

His good little sister Katie stared at him aghast.

"To answer mother like that!" she remarked to the others in a shocked tone. "I don't see how he does it."

"Tim!" said his mother.

When she spoke in that one particular tone even Tim stood still.

He didn't stay still. He bounced over to a chair by the window and flung himself into it sulkily.

But when, a few minutes later, he found himself in the car with his mother, he felt less angry, though he would not relax his sulky silence. And inside the doctor's office, where there were so many curious things, such as snakes in a bottle of stuff that he heard the doctor call "spirits of wine," and even a skeleton in a corner, he knew in his heart that this was a great deal better than school. But he did not thank his mother for the little treat, as Katie would have done.

Tim poked about the office while his mother sat in another room and talked to the doctor. Presently they came out.

"Not too young for self-control—no but he needs some help," said the doctor. Tim did not pay much attention.

"Well, young man, do you like holidays," said the doctor, looking at Tim's frowning little face. "If you do, we'll give you a month of them, after you have been a first rate kind of boy for one whole day."

"Yes," said his mother, as they entered the car to go home, "if you can be a good boy, nice and bright like Katie and the others, for one whole day, you shall go to Uncle Jim's farm for a month."

"Not get mad once?" said Tim, almost wistfully. It seemed too hard a thing to conceive.

"Not once," replied his mother, firmly. "You're getting a big boy now, Tim, and I must have you a good one."

"I'll begin tomorrow," said Tim.

The next day he was very silent. It seemed to him the best way to keep that bad temper in check.

But, alas! Katie, with the best intentions in the world, tidied up the play cupboard and broke his toy engine.

"You're a stupid thing, you are!" he cried angrily. "And I'll break your doll!"

Katie swiftly carried the doll into the parlor where the children were not allowed to go. Then she ran off to school.

But Tim had no regard for rules when he was angry. He dashed into the parlor as soon as Katie had started.

He was not to break the doll, however; for his mother met him and sent him back.

Then he remembered the farm, and tried to be good. He could not smile at Katie when she came home, but he did keep from looking at her.

"You've been good the latter part of the day, Tim," said his mother, when she kissed him good-night. "But it has to be a whole day, you see."

"The next morning she packed his tiny trunk in readiness for the trip. Tim kept silent till the brothers and sisters had started for school. Then there would be no temptation, he thought. He played by himself for some time, and then began to feel very dull.

Unfortunately, at that moment he saw Katie's doll lying on the floor of the play cupboard. It recalled his anger of the day before. With a sudden revival of that anger he gave the doll a kick that spoiled one rosy cheek.

He was sorry a moment after, not merely because this was now another lost day, but a wee bit sorry for Katie's grief. She loved this particular doll very much.

He dragged her—the doll—out to the kitchen where his mother was making pies.

"I kicked her!" he said briefly.

His mother sighed and tried to mend the broken cheek, but in vain.

"You'll have to buy her a new head out of your own pocket money," she said. Then Tim grew very angry and went out of the kitchen, slamming the door. The farm seemed very far away.

The next morning, however, he had something else to think of. Katie woke crying after a restless night. She had caught a bad cold and could not go to school. The doctor came and looked very grave. Tim sat by the window and thought.

Somehow, Tim understood that he was not a matter of any consequence just then. The feeling gave him a curious sense of freedom. He emptied his little money box and went out to the store.

He bought a doll's head—many sizes too large for the body, but he didn't know that—and some candies—which, of course, would be no good for Katie, but he didn't know that. He had ten cents left, so he purchased a toy windmill as likely to be of use and interest to an invalid lying very still in bed. Then he went joyfully back.

His mother gave him no word of praise, though he had spent his last cent. She took it as a matter of course, and said Katie should see his things when she woke. So Tim had nothing to do but be quiet. He had forgotten the farm and good behavior. He only thought of Katie.

The doctor came again that afternoon.

"Now I shall know," he said to the mother, "and it may not be diphtheria after all."

He smiled as he came out of the room.

"An ordinary sore throat," he said. "She'll be herself in a few days."

Tim was very quiet all day. In the evening he as was going to bed he remarked: "Now Katie will get well soon?"

His mother did not answer for a moment.

"Tim," she said, at last, "This has been a good day. Quite a good day, dear. You may go to the farm tomorrow."

"And I never once thought about being good," said Tim, in much surprise. "But, mother, can't I wait till Katie's better?"

"I think not, as she wants quiet," answered his mother.

"I'll be quiet," protested Tim.

His mother kissed him.

"That's a hard thing for a boy to be," she said. "No, you shall go first, and Katie shall come in a week, maybe."

Tim cuddled down to sleep after he had said his prayers. His mother looked at the peaceful little face, and murmured,—

"'He that loseth his life shall find it.'"—Frances Harmer, in the Churchman.

HOME SONGS IN HEAVEN.

I do not think the world to which we go
  Will be so strange that we shall feel afraid,
But rather that the sweetest things we know
  Will there be held and stayed.

I do not think the songs will all be new,
  For we should hunger for the sweet old lays
Whose echoes oft have bid our souls be true,
  Amid the loftier praise.

And so the choirs will hush their anthems when
  They fear for souls from earth the homesick pang,
And we shall sing to listening angels then
  The songs our mothers sang.

A TRIP TO PALESTINE.

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FORTIFYING THE PANAMA CANAL.

Naval Expert A. T. Mahan, in the North American Review, contends that the Panama Canal should be fortified. In this opinion President Taft fully agrees. The peace organization has contended that the agreement had been reached among the nations of Europe and America not to fire on any undefended neutrality, but Mr. Mahan points out that such an arrangement does not prohibit an enemy from occupying, fortifying and defending the undefended grounds. Under the terms of this argument an enemy at war with the United States might enter the canal, fortify it and hold it. That would simply mean a free fight for all to get possession of the canal. Mr. Mahan's contention is that the fortifying of the canal costing $12,000,000, the price of two modern battleships, would enable the whole naval fleet to be used for the protection of the Pacific Coast. In the study of this situation it is to be borne in mind that both parties are trying from different standpoints to establish permanent peace. It is contended that the complete occupancy by impregnable fortifications of the rock Gibraltar has contributed to the peace of Europe. The question is a serious one, and yet a sense of satisfaction arises from the fact that in any event the Panama Canal will bind the world closer together and in so doing decrease the chances of war. On the theory that preparation for war is a guarantee of peace we should favor the fortification of the Panama Canal. If the nations of the earth are far enough advanced to "reason together" and settle all disputes by international arbitration then preparation for war is unnecessary. When we hear such men as Dr. Jordan and Dr. MacDonald we can almost conclude that the time for "ploughshares and pruning hooks" instead of the "swords and spears" is at hand. When on the contrary we look at an army of police with firearms and clubs swarming through our streets, the saloons and gambling dens, the vile resorts, the sweltering dives of infamy running in full blast gathering around the churches another kind of feeling comes over us. We wish the end of war might be at hand. This is our daily prayer. On the contrary we must frankly admit that the millennium is not quite so near at hand. Perhaps having $12,000,000 on hand and having spent several hundred millions to build the Panama Canal it might as well go to show our faith by our works and fortify this highway, waiting the moral development of the world. We should certainly do nothing to provoke war, but we should avoid such weakness as to invite war. We admit that the step toward the permanent peace of the world must be taken by he United States and Great Britain, at the same time we cannot fail to see that in case of war the defense of Christian civilization would in no small measure rest with these two powers. Evidently there is gathering about the Pacific Ocean a new series of world events. There is reason to "watch and pray," with emphasis on the "watch."

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WHEN I GROW UP.

Our grocer's clerk comes every day,
Though why he should I cannot say,
For mother mostly orders beans,
And soap and mustard, salt and greens,
And tea and starch, and lard and rice—
Not much of anything that's nice.

Such food for some folks may seem best,
But scarcely excites my interest.
When I grow up, my grocer's clerk
Will very seldom need to work;
The butcher's boy I'll ask to call
Just once in spring and once in fall.

I'll have the candy boy call twice
Each day, and sometimes even thrice!
Mornings it will be best, I judge,
To order caramels and fudge;
At night a box of chocolate creams,
To make sure of pleasant dreams.

I mean to have the toy-shop man
Stop just as often as he can.
Now toys grow tiresome soon, you know,
And then one's friends do break them so!
Heigh ho! What bliss will fill my cup
When I grow up! When I grow up!
—Young Evangelist.

HOW WILL MADE GOOD.

By Frank H. Sweet.

"Bob," Will Carey raised himself suddenly in bed, the cup of chocolate halfway between the saucer and his lips, "I thought you came in to see me because—because you liked me and are my seat-mate at school."

Bob looked at him calmly, his eyes clear. That was Bob's way. "Straight out," the boys said, either as friend or enemy. "Yes, that's what I said when I came in," he replied. "Why?"

"You say all the boys are talking about me and—and laughing?"

"Did I say laughing?"

Will considered. "N—no, I don't know as you did just then," he answered. "But you meant it. They're always laughing."

"Pretty much—have been—that's a fact," conceded Bob. "You've been to school three weeks now, and I guess you've been hooted off the grounds for something every day till yesterday, and that was because you came home at recess with a chill."

"The boys are talking about me, you say?" repeated Will.

"Yes, but it's different talk now. We've been calling you 'baby girl' and 'sissy' because we thought you a 'softy' and coward. Why, when I dared you to fight, you turned pale and slipped off, and you're lots bigger. No wonder the boys hooted and wouldn't play with you."

Will fell back upon his pillow, looking puzzled. What was Bob driving at? Bob rose and reached for his hat. "Well, I'll be going now," he said. "The fellows asked me to just step in and say you've made good and can join in all our games after this. When you jumped into the pond yesterday to help that black boy we were ducking, we thought it fun, and kept you both in till we got tired. We didn't learn till this morning how the teacher got after you, and you wouldn't even tell your own folks. I guess most of us fellows would likely, we'd been so mad. We're sorry you caught cold but your mother says you'll be out tomorrow. And—and the fellows said I might say 'twas us who were the real cowards. Now I'll be going."

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